

SIR E. CARSON RESIGNS FROM WAR CABINET

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1918

One Penny.

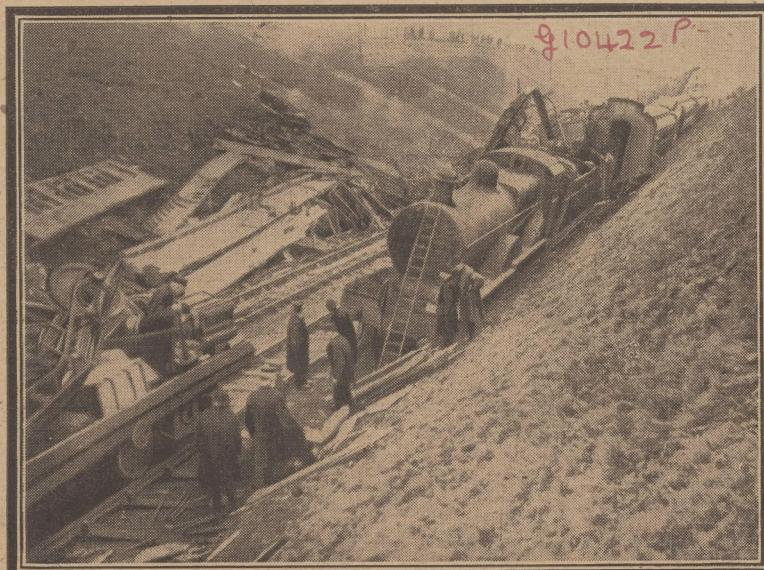
SURPRISE
(1098)

Sir Edward Carson, who it was announced last night, has tendered his resignation as a member of the War Cabinet. The Premier has advised the King to accept it.

UNITY OF CONTROL.
(6865c)

Maj.-Gen. Sir Philip Nash, G.C.B., Director-General of Transportation to the British Army in France since 1916, to be Director-General of Transportation for all the Allies.

TRAIN DASHES INTO LANDSLIP



P10461 The engine left the rails and mounted the embankment. Debris was strewn all around.



The rescued girl.



Lieutenant Millar and his wife.



Bobbie Millar.

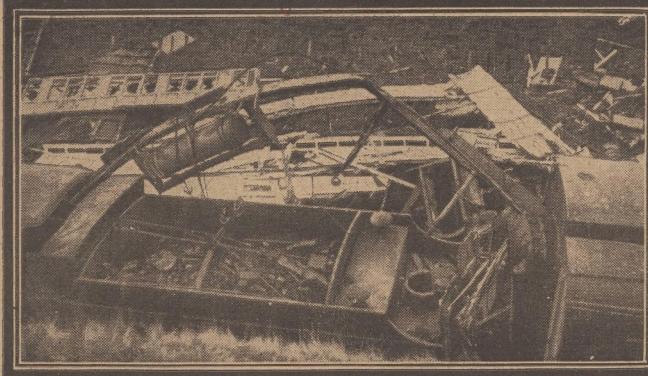
P10461 Mrs. Millar, of Glasgow, whose husband is now at sea, and her son Bobbie were killed in the accident on the Midland Railway. Her eighteen-months-old girl, who was picked up, was cared for by Captain Olive Booth, of the Salvation Army, who was a passenger on the train.

TRAGEDY
(1828D)

Col. Henry Guest, the deceased husband. He is a brother of Lord Wimborne, and represents Pembrokeshire and Haverfordwest. There is one son.

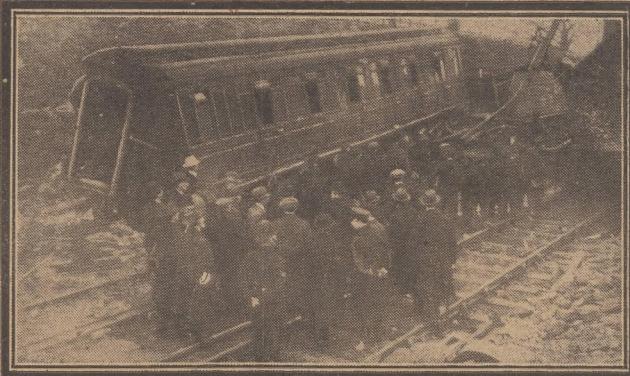


P1820D The Hon. Mrs. Henry Guest, wife of Col. Henry Guest, M.P., who was found dead with a bullet wound in her neck. She was the second daughter of Lord and Lady Cobham.



910422P View of the debris. Portions of the coach were hurled fifty yards ahead.

When a heavy passenger train, bound for Scotland, ran into a landslip, loosened by recent storms, the engine and the foremost coaches were derailed, six people being killed



The coroner's jury visit the scene of the accident.—(Exclusive.)

and twenty injured, and the inquest was held in the waiting-room of the local station yesterday. The accident occurred near Lazonby, fifteen miles south-east of Carlisle.

AUSTRIA'S CONCESSIONS TO THE PEACE STRIKERS

Beginning Made in Democratisation—The Ministry Said to Have Resigned.

GOEBEN STILL BOMBED BY OUR AIRMEN.

Goeben and Breslau Were Mined: Imbros Naval Battle
—Foe Attack on Vardar Front at Salonika.

Austria and Peace Strikers.—The 1,200,000 peace strikers have forced the Austrian Government to grant concessions. The Premier, Dr. Seidler, said the Government wanted no territorial gains at Russia's expense, and would do everything to bring about a general peace. They would also democratise municipal suffrage, introduce women's suffrage and abolish the "militarisation" of war industries and substitute civil for military tribunals. According to one message, the Austrian Cabinet has resigned.

Dardanelles Battle.—The Goeben is still being bombed. The Goeben and cruiser attacked our monitors north of Imbros, and the Breslau was mined. The Goeben also struck a mine.

MORE ABOUT SEA BATTLE OFF DARDANELLES.

Goeben and Breslau Attacked Our Monitors by Imbros.

HUN CRUISERS MINED.

ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces, in connection of the announcement of January 20, that the following particulars have been received:

"The Goeben and Breslau emerged from the Dardanelles early on the morning of the 20th and attacked our naval forces to the north of Imbros with the result that the Raglan and M28 were heavily hit and sunk by gunfire."

"The enemy ships then proceeded to the south of Imbros, where the Breslau was forced into one of the mines, struck a mine and sank."

"The Goeben left her steaming full speed, and turned towards the Dardanelles."

"Turkish destroyers coming to the assistance of the Breslau were engaged by our destroyers and driven off."

"As the Goeben neared the entrance to the Dardanelles she also struck a mine, which delayed her and caused her to settle down with a list of 150."

"She finally beached herself on the west side of Nagara Point, where she is now being successfully bombed by our aircraft."

"We rescued 172 survivors of the Breslau, and they are now prisoners of war in our hands."

"The names of the survivors of the Raglan and M28 are not yet known, but there are 132 survivors, as at present reported, out of a total of 310."

VISCOUNT BROOME SAVED.

Viscount Broome, R.N., commanding H.M.S. Raglan, is among those saved. He was uninjured. He is a nephew of the late Earl Kitchener.

"MORE YPRES SHELLING."

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Monday Afternoon's communiqué spoke of increased artillery fire on the Ypres front, from Lens to Epehy, in isolated sectors in Chambigne and on both sides of the Meuse.

British attacks were, it is claimed, repulsed south of Vendhuile.

The Germans claimed successes in reconnoitring thrusts near Rheims and in the Argonne.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday. 10.2 A.M.—The night passed quietly on our 10.2 front. We captured a few prisoners in patrol encounters.

9.42 P.M.—The enemy's artillery has been active during the day west of Lens.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Monday Night.—In the Argonne, a raid into the enemy's lines at Four de Paris enabled us to bring back fifteen prisoners.

Both batteries have been active on the right bank of the Meuse, and in Alsace, in the region of the Duder and Hartmannswillerkopf.

During Sunday three German aeroplanes were brought down, and four enemy machines fell in their own lines.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Artillery activity was more marked between the Brenta and the Piave, where the enemy bombarded the positions south of Col Caprile. Italian gunners shelled the foe's lines.

The roaring of guns was heard very plainly on Saturday at Flushing and other places on the Dutch coast coming from the direction of Zeebrugge, says a Central News Amsterdam telegram.

FIRST SEPARATE PEACE MADE WITH GERMANY.

The Ukraine Agrees to Reciprocal Withdrawing of Troops.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—A German telegram from Brest-Litovsk states that the negotiations which have been in progress between the delegations of the Central Powers and those of the Ukrainian Peoples Republic have resulted in an agreement on the principles of a treaty of peace.

The state of war is to be declared terminated. The resolution of both parties to live henceforth at peace is to be ratified.

The troops of both parties are to be withdrawn at the same time.

The telegram proceeds to say that the determination of the main lines of the negotiations has reached a point at which the delegations are obliged to get into touch with the "responsible quarters at home."

All the delegations agree that the necessary adjournment of the negotiations shall be as brief as possible.

The telegram concludes: "For the first time in this world-shaking war the realisation of the principles for the re-establishment of peace have been successfully accomplished."—Reuter.

CENTRAL POWERS' THREAT.

COPENHAGEN, Monday.—A message from Berlin states that the *Lokalzeitung* declares that when M. Trotsky returns to Brest-Litovsk on the 25th inst, he will have to state definitely whether he accepts or rejects the Central Powers' demands.

If it is more important to him to let the revolution spread in the occupied districts and beyond than to terminate the war, the Central Powers will immediately break off negotiations. Exchange.

SUPPRESSED ASSEMBLY.

M. Lenin has stated that the Constituent Assembly will not be permitted to reassemble anywhere else.

The decree has now been issued dissolving the Constituent Assembly, and an Exchange Petrograd message states that Lenin himself introduced the Bolshevik decree in a ninety minutes' speech.

He considered that resolution was the only means now left to the Russian people; otherwise they were doomed. He was not afraid of civil war, as he recognised the impossibility of passing into a Socialist state otherwise than through civil war.

The Bolsheviks have suppressed all the non-Socialistic papers.

EX-MINISTERS MURDERED.

The Petrograd correspondent of the Associated Press says that two former Constitutional Democrat members of the Kerenkyev Cabinet—MM. Shingareff and Kokoshkin—were murdered in their beds in hospital on Sunday night. M. Kokoshkin was shot while asleep and M. Shingareff, who was awake and protested to twelve armed men, was then shot.—Reuter.

AIR FIGHTS IN PALESTINE.

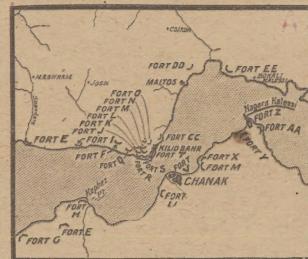
BRITISH (PALESTINE) OFFICIAL.

In the course of successful patrol action in the coastal area a few prisoners were taken during January 19.

On January 20 our aeroplanes repeated their raids on the enemy's camps and stores, established near the railway station, two miles west of Sebastia (Samaria).

An enemy aeroplane was driven down out of control.

One of our machines, compelled to land within the hostile lines, was destroyed by its pilot and observer before capture.



Map showing Nagara Point, where the Goeben was beached after its fight with our naval forces at the entrance to the Dardanelles on Sunday morning.

AUSTRIAN PREMIER'S PEACE TALK.

Says Dual Monarchy Wants Speedy End to the War.

RUSSIAN "COMPROMISE."

Dr. von Seidler, the Austrian Premier, has made an important speech to a Labour delegation bearing on the question of peace.

Here are his principal points as telegraphed by Reuter's correspondent at Amsterdam:

It is the most earnest wish of his Majesty to end the war as speedily as possible by an honourable peace.

The Government of the Dual Monarchy has done everything in its power, and will in future continue to do everything possible to bring about a general peace as soon as possible.

If for the present only a separate peace with Russia be found possible, the responsibility rests solely on the dual ministers, who have rejected our repeated peace offers.

Nevertheless, the Government continues to aim at a speedy general peace.

It remains far from its intention to make the attainment of that object more difficult by any aims of conquest.

It adheres to the belief that international agreements regarding disarmament and arbitration can form a suitable basis for general peace.

As regards Russia, the Government has repeatedly declared that it aims at no sort of territorial acquisition at Russia's expense.

Peace negotiations cannot be shipwrecked on any such projects.

In respect to Poland the Government regards Poland as an independent State with independent relations.

The Government agrees to allow the population of Poland to settle its own State system on a broad basis and it has expressed the opinion that this can best be done by a Constitutional Assembly. The General Borodovitch, member of the Constituent Assembly, has, of course, refused the Russian Government's demand for the evacuation of the occupied provinces.

In view of the continuance of the war on other fronts and owing to the present unsettled internal conditions in Russia, we cannot evacuate these territories without endangering our military interests.

We are endeavouring to arrive at a compromise with the Russian Government with regard to the question of the continuance of the present peace.

Negotiations with the Ukraine Republic have made great progress and give ground for hope of a speedy and satisfactory conclusion.

The Government wish that the people and their representatives shall be enlightened on the course of the present peace negotiations.

They will strive for an equal distribution of foodstuffs.

Negotiations with the Hungarian Government and Austria's allies would, he hoped, not be without success.

NEW AUSTRIAN CHIEF.

Dr. Adler and the labour delegation then attended a meeting of the labour leaders and passed a resolution requesting the workers to resume work, and noting with satisfaction the Government's declaration on the peace question.

The resolution also recorded appreciation of the concessions of the Government.

The supreme command of the combined armies of the enemy on the Italian front has now passed from the Archduke Eugen into the hands of General Brusiloff, Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army Corps on the Julian front, says a Reuter special message. This also involves the supercession of Field-Marshal Conrad von Hoetendorff, his senior, who was chiefly responsible for the plan of campaign against Italy.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—Von Kuehlmann will arrive in Berlin to-night from Brest-Litovsk and to-morrow will receive the Reichstag leaders to report on the Peace Conference. Herlitz will speak to-morrow.—Exchange.

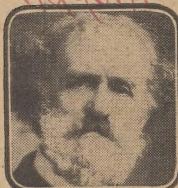
OUR AIRMEN'S BUSY DAY.

BRITISH AIR OFFICIAL.

On January 20 the good visibility again enabled our aeroplanes to observe for the artillery all day and to take many photographs in the enemy's forward area.

Bombs were dropped throughout the day on various targets, while the enemy in his trenches and in the open was engaged with machine-guns fire from the air.

DEATH OF
AN EARL.
PlayboAPlia

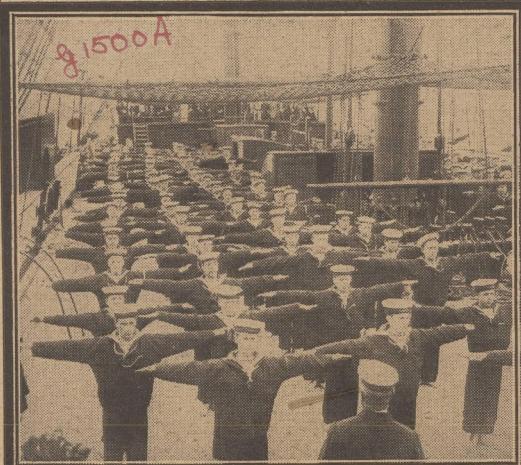


The Rev. the Earl of Stratford, who has died. He was a half-brother of General Sir Julian Huxley (Russell).

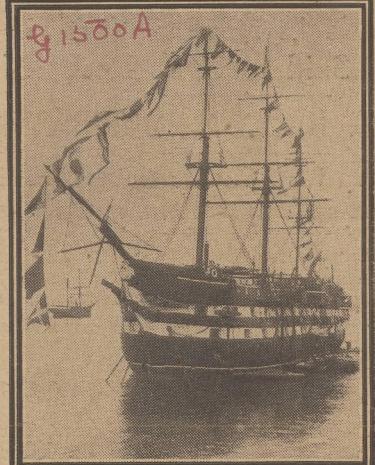


Lady Sybil Grant, a patron of the war charity matinee to be given to-day.

FIRE DESTROYS FAMOUS TRAINING SHIP.



Physical exercises on deck. Perfect discipline was maintained, every lad going to his post when the "Fire assembly" was sounded.



The Warspite at Greenhithe. She was one of the "wooden walls of England."

HUNS WAS



Too short. The Huns say they believed a



Arrothusa boys examining the wreckage. Formerly H.M.S. Conqueror, the Warspite was a ship of the line and was 160 years old.



The Warspite after the fire, showing the figurehead, which was undamaged. She was burnt to the water's edge, but all the boys were saved.



BISHOP'S DEATH.—The Right Rev. Geo. J. Smith, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Argyll, who has been ill for some time, died.



A BIRTH.—The Marchioness of Anglesey, formerly Lady Marjorie Manners, who has given birth to a daughter. (Lallie Charles.)

TANK STARTS A RECRUITING TOUR IN U.S.A.



This tank, which has been "over the top" three times, is bringing in many recruits in the States. All the members of the crew have been wounded.



CAUSED SENSATION.—This girl appeared one day in New York in this military get-up, and everyone stared. The skirt gives the impression of trousers, while the hat is in the Flying Corps style.

They get the range and

bit it brought Fritz

PlayboAPlia



TRANSPORT DIRECTOR.
Lieut.-Col. Butler Bowden, Assistant Director-General of Transportation in France, awarded D.S.O.

FRANCE CELEB



Arriving for the thanksgiving

Amiens. Many distinguished

(F)

DEATH OF
AN EARL.

The Rev. the Earl of Stanhope, who has died. He was Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria. (Russell.)



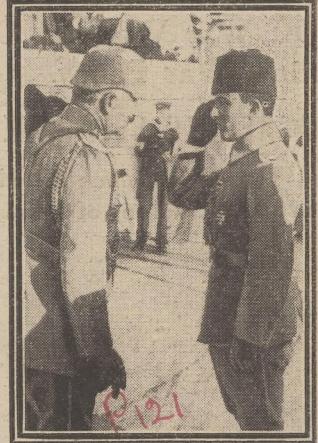
Lady Sybil Grant, a patron of the matinee to be given at Chiswick to-day.

CAMELS CARRY THE WOUNDED ON THE GOEBEN



Wounded are conveyed to the clearing stations on the backs of camels in the manner shown in this photograph.

ON THE GOEBEN



The Kaiser meets Enver Pasha on board the Goeben during that famous vessel's stay in Turkish waters.

HUNS WASTE



Too short. The Huns systematically remove pieces of shrapnel from their legs, which they believed a piece of shrapnel had hit.



They get the range and hit the Hun, but it brought Frits no advantage.



The result of a direct hit by a British monitor on a Turkish ammunition train. It disappeared as though by magic.



The Nell Gwynnes of Palestine. The women do a brisk trade selling oranges to the troops.



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CAUSED SENSATION.—This girl appeared one day in New York in this military dress up to the neck, and everyone stared. The skirt gives the impression of trousers, while the hat is in the Flying Corps style.



Arriving for the thanksgiving service in Amiens. Many distinguished men

TRANSPORT DIRECTOR. A.V.A.D.
Lieut.-Col. Butler Bowden,
Assistant Director-General of
Transportation in France.
Col. E. C. working

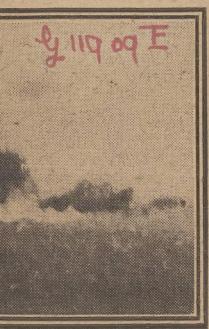
FRANCE CELEBRATES

IR SHELLS.

BRITAIN VERSUS ITALY—AT FOOTBALL.

M.C. FOR
CHAPLAIN.
P10461A

A shell was installed.



A shell was, of course, destroyed; it is expenditure of shells.



HEROIC DOCTOR.—Dr. H. McCready, of King's Norton, Birmingham, awarded M.C. He has been twice mentioned.

USALEM'S FALL.



A service was held in the cathedral at in the great congregation.



The Italian captain hands the British captain a bouquet.—(Official.)



The funeral of a British soldier in Italy. A number of Italians attended to pay a last tribute.—(Official photograph.)

The Rev. Ignatius Collins, O.S.F.C., of Cork, awarded M.C. for gallantry. He is now in Italy.

P10462A

Mrs. Colin Healy, whose marriage to Lieut. C. J. Healy has just taken place.



A team of British soldiers met a team of Italian soldiers at football, and here our men are seen taking the field.—(Official photograph.)



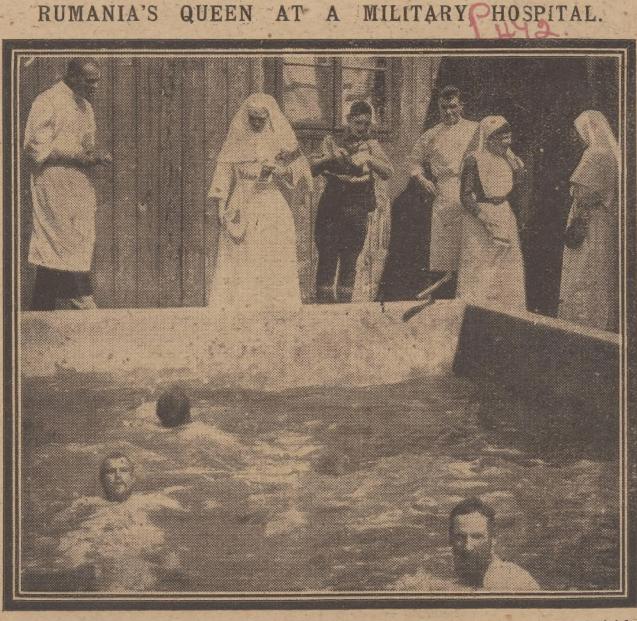
Piling their rifles, they get to work with pick and shovel. British soldiers working on trenches in Italy.—(Official photograph.)



SIR JOHN GUNN, who died aged eighty-one. He was one of the leading commercial men in South Wales for fifty years.



A SERGE COAT, with deep beaver trimming, and folds tucked in at the waist. It is a new creation from Paris, and the photograph was taken in the Bois de Boulogne.



The Queen of Rumania (dressed in white uniform) watching the patients at a British hospital in the swimming bath, which was made by the convalescents.

ROYAL RED CROSS.—Miss Alice Eldridge, a nurse at a Norwich Auxiliary Hospital, awarded the R.R.C.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1918.

HOW LONDON ENCOURAGES BERLIN.

THE war is only changing our national food habits very slowly, and under pressure, and to the accompaniment of a loud chorus of complaints from the people accustomed to a certain immutable menu composed mainly of meat.

This chorus of complaint is reaching Germany, to form one of the few remaining sources of satisfaction there, in these hungry months.

We are a people naturally given to "grousing." The Germans are infinitely patient. Reading all other races by themselves, they naturally conclude, then, when they read of our Food Queues, our "fights for offal," our struggling and fainting women battling for beef that we are in a very bad way indeed. We might well draw the same conclusion were similar reports to reach us regarding them—were we daily to be fed on coloured accounts of processions several miles long in Berlin, protesting crowds surging ceaselessly in Dresden, Sunday joint riots all over Germany. "Wait a little," we might say, "they are nearly done!" And the war would continue on a false supposition—the chimera of a German food-collapse.

Well, these are just the reports they now get of us.

What they will not understand—perhaps it is as well that they should not—is that we have no resources in cooking, in utilisation of food; no inventiveness in the search for substitutes; no capacity for the readjustment of diet. If we cannot get the Sunday joint, we have the week-end wail. We do not envisage any other possibility. And if we see other people queue-waiting that excites us even more. "Our joint! Our joint! Give us our Sunday joint! We must have everything as usual."

It is high time the Food Controllers, if they cannot entirely regularise the food situation, at least explained it more thoroughly to the people and appealed to them for patience.

Not that there is not occasional hardship or grave local inconvenience. Prices are indeed very high. Certain districts often find themselves very ill-supplied. But when we compare this inconvenience or hardship with the misery endured in Russia, say, in Germany, and in the conquered countries (not to speak of Italy and France) we shall surely be amazed to think that, so far, we have extracted our daily needs out of the turmoil of the world-catastrophe with such success.

It is indeed a universal world-shortage; that can never be too often repeated. Even with perfect distribution, the complete suppression of all human selfishness and profiteering, and even if the U-boat campaign ceased to-morrow, the food problem would be a grave one, *as it was even before the war*.

The present difficulties, in that sense, have indeed one advantage—at last, it may be, they are silencing the clamour of the high birth rate maniacs and drawing the attention of the community to the vital relationship between numbers and the food supply of the world. Let us think this problem over in preparation for peace, and meanwhile try not to encourage Berlin by grumbling over the queues in London.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 21.—The amateur gardener should make a point of growing plenty of Jerusalem artichokes this year, for they will do well in almost any soil and situation. It is, however, advisable thoroughly to prepare the ground before planting by deep digging.

The tubers should be planted early in February, for they require a longer period of growth. The white-skinned variety should be used. Give each set plenty of room to develop, and make the plantation at the north end of the garden—otherwise the foliage may shade other vegetables.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The Army is a good book to open to study human life.—Alfred de Vigny.



Mrs. Benyon, whose husband is in the Yeomanry, is the daughter of the late Sir Cuthbert Peck.



Miss Hon. Joan Dickson, only daughter of Lord Islington, envoy of the India Office.

THE GOEBEN GONE.

America's Great Gift for the Babies—The 29th Division Show.

THE NEWS of the "strafing" of those famous German ships, the Goeben and Breslau, made everybody very cheerful yesterday. I heard it discussed everywhere I went. "The Navy's all right, and is always on the job," one man at the club said to me. Another said: "What with the sunshine to-day and the first inspiring news we've ever had from the

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

F. E. S' HIT.—A New York barrister friend writes that Sir F. E. Smith has made a great popular success in the United States, drawing large crowds wherever he spoke. "Everybody here swears by Smith," he writes. "He is some orator, believe me, and the American Bar would like to adopt him."

A BURNS GATHERING.—Mr. William Will, president of the Robert Burns Club, tells me that the club is going to celebrate the birthday of the poet this year by entertaining representatives of the Allies at the Criterion on the 25th. Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, Lord Glenconner and others will be there.

Generous Gift.—The Duchess of Marlborough yesterday was rejoicing in a handsome present of £4,000 to establish eight mother-and-child welfare centres in Great Britain.

From the States.—This tidy sum was obtained through Major Endicott, who is

A Romance.—Here is Miss Theresa Rion Abell, who has just become engaged to Captain C. B. Trewella. Last June she was playing at the Empire, but her theatrical career was cut short by a serious illness. About the same time Captain Trewella was seriously wounded at Messines, and the romance developed during a period of convalescence in Cornwall. Miss Abell is the only daughter of a well-known woman journalist.

From Out of Hell.

I hear that among some war prisoners arrived at The Hague is that popular young Hussar, Mr. Guy Horne. He is the son of the member for Guildford. The war was not very old when Mr. Horne was captured, being surrounded by Ulhans when out scouting.

Miss Abell.

A Royal Jeweller.—Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, who is an adept at goldsmiths' work and enamelling, has, I hear, made with her own hands scores of exquisite articles of jewellery which have sold for big prices at war charity bazaars.

A Happy Show.—I saw Lord Derby thoroughly happy yesterday. The occasion was the pietrot show of the 29th Division at the Court Theatre, with the same scenery and effects as they use at the front. He also bought the "Song of the 29th Division."

All Ages.—Miss Ellen Terry and a small boy in the front row rocked with laughter over the troupe's trick cyclist. The Lord Mayor, I fancy, would give the palm to the "soprano," a slim youth in a fine make-up.

At the Piano.—I was sorry to hear of the death of Cooper Mitchell, one of the most genuinely humorous of the "entertainers at the piano." I last saw him making some wounded shout with laughter with his imitation of a parson preaching on "Sister Susie."

National Abbey.—Scotsmen I met yesterday were exulting in Lord Glenconner's gift of Dryburgh Abbey to the nation. The stately ruin is more interesting to literary men as the burial-place of Sir Walter Scott.

People Nobody Loves.—Here they are:—Germans, Food Hogs, "Conchys," Passivists, Rumour-Mongers, Pessimists, "Man Who Knows," "I told you so"—ers.

First City.—Glasgow has long called itself the second city of the Empire. Since establishing its magnificent tank bank record it might aptly figure for becoming the capital, an envious Londoner suggests to me.

A Shaw Success.—Miss Lillah McCarthy's new piece at the Coliseum, "Annajanska," proved to be full of witty lines. It was announced as by "Gregory Biessopoff." But there was a distinct flavour of G. B. Shaw about some of the epigrams.

The New Verb.—"I have got some margarine," I heard a woman say the other day, "but, of course, I had to 'queue' for it."

Finding Talent.—Benrimo (he does not like to be called "Mr.") tells me that he is having some luck with his weekly auditions at the Gaiety. He has already discovered a girl of thirteen, with a remarkable voice, from Glasgow, and a promising low comedian from Blaenau-festiniog. These treasures, however, are few and far between.

Trials.—There are, of course, some amusing incidents connected with these voice trials. An aspirant from Mayfair declared that she did not really care for stage work, but as her husband was away in France she wanted to do something to pass the time. She also made it a stipulation that her sister be engaged.

THE RAMBLER.



Dardanelles, I feel like giving three cheers all by myself."

Viscount Broome's Escape.—Everybody, too, was interested to learn that Viscount Broome, Lord Kitchener's nephew, had escaped. An old Navy man said to me: "We always liked Broome. Nobody envied the chaps who served on the monitors. They're not precisely 'cushy' ships; but they have always given a good account of themselves."

From an African Prison.—Rambling in the West End the other morning I met Mr. J. Scott Brown—the sole survivor of the Cape and Cairo Motor Expedition—who recently reached London after being a prisoner in German East Africa for over two years. He says that there is no place like home.

Retiring.—I met a friend of Mr. Lewis Sydney yesterday, who told me that the famous "Folly" was leaving the stage to go into business. This is bad news for those who like real humour in revue.

America's Red Cross Commissioner in London. The money will be used under the auspices of the Children's Jewel Fund, over which the Duchess watches.

An Engagement.—Lord Congleton, who is engaged to the Hon. Edith Howard, is in the Navy. He is connected by marriage with a naval peer who has just been wed—Lord Carlisle.

The Bride-To-Be.—The Hon. Edith Howard is Lady Strathcona's younger daughter. Her mother is a peeress in her own right and married the well-known Canadian medical man, Mr. Robert Bliss Howard.

Chaplain Prisoner.—It seems odd to find the name of a chaplain in the official list of prisoners taken by the Germans. The name of the Rev. A. Grant is in to-day's list. But the chaplains have never been lacking in "sand," and are always found at danger points. Good men!



Benrimo.

A BEAUTY GIFT FOR YOUR HAIR

HARLENE 'HAIR-DRILL' POINTS THE WAY TO REAL HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

1,000,000 OUTFITS TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE-TO-DAY.

NO woman in the world possesses as her natural birthright such exquisitely fine hair as the British Woman. With proper care, it becomes indeed a crown of health and beauty. Under the treatment of "Harlene Hair-Drill," every woman and girl can possess this crowning beauty, and can assure herself of the truth of this declaration by self-demonstration free of expense. In other words, a Free Trial Outfit is now ready for your acceptance.

No longer, therefore, is there any necessity or excuse for anyone not to prove by personal experience how "Harlene Hair-Drill" causes the hair to grow in health and beauty.

TWO-MINUTES-A-DAY HAIR-DRILL.

If by the expenditure of a little time—just about two minutes daily—it is possible to acquire real hair health and beauty, surely it is folly to refuse or even to hesitate a single moment in taking the first step toward "Harlene Hair-Drill," to have your hair in perfect order, and frees it from all kinds of hair troubles.



1,000,000 HARLENE HAIR-BEAUTY OUTFITS

FREE

Gifts are usually single in number, but here is a gift of a different article, the use of which will endow every woman's and girl's hair with a "Dewy-Beauty." This 4-in-1 Gift is sent free simply on request, accompanied by four penny stamps for postage and packing of the parcel.

3 STAGES OF "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

In perfectly natural sequence the "Harlene Hair-Drill" is carried out, too, as follows:

1. A Cleansing Shampoo with a "Cremex" Shampoo frees the scalp and hair of all dandruff and other impurities; this is the first stage of the "Drill," bringing the scalp into the most favourable condition for benefiting by the rest of the drill.

2. A Special Hair Tonic is next applied, none other than the now world-famous "Harlene-for-the-Hair," which is now recognised to be the most successful hair food and tonic.

3. A special Polish is given to the now thoroughly cleansed and better-nourished scalp and hair with "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives that glorious lustre and radiance to the hair.

Thus each trial Outfit is a 4-in-1 "Dewy-Of-Beauty Gift" to the receiver. You receive (1) a Shampoo, (2) a bottle of "Harlene," (3) a bottle of "Uzon," and (4) a Manual-Book by the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," containing his own instructions for quickening the growth and assuring the beauty of your hair.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR—WRITE NOW

Another 1,000,000 of these Free Toilet Outfits are now ready, awaiting the acceptance of the first 1,000,000 readers who make application for them. Send me your name and address also the address below, with 4 penny stamps, which will pay for postage and packing of your parcel to your address.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist, druggist, etc., at 2s. 9d. or 4s. 9d. per bottle.

Solidified Harlene in tins at 2s. 9d.

Bottle Harlene costs 1s. and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1d. per bottle; seven; single packets 2d. each.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free to Mr. Edward's, Limited, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit street, London, W.C. 1. We will oblige you on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM.

DETACH AND POST TO EDWARDS' HARLENE LTD., 20, 22, 24, 26, LAMB'S CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs—Please send me your Free Harlene Hair-Drill outfit as described above. I enclose 4s. 9d. for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER

Write your name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

"Daily Mirror," 22/11/18.

THE REMEMBERED KISS

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LORNA PETERSON, who tells the story, is heiress to a fortune if she marries

PATRICK LOUGHLAND.—They become engaged as purely as a matter of business, though Lorna loves Patrick with all her heart. Though he does not recognize her, he remembers him as a gentle householder, and met some years ago when he gave her "The remembered kiss." He introduces to Lorna his brother,

HARRY LOUGHLAND, to whom she takes an instant dislike.

A DISTASTEFUL INTERVIEW.

Of course, Harry Loughland knew—as plainly as if I had told him—how horribly disappointed I was; no detail of my flushed face and quivering lips escaped him as he came forward. "Patrick not here?" he said.

"Of course, he knew perfectly well where his brother was, and was just about to hunt me, but I managed to answer with a certain amount of composure that Patrick was busy rehearsing for to-morrow's tableaux at the Matthews'.

"I have heard something about it," he admitted. "But I was not interested, and so..."

"Not interested?" I interrupted with what I am afraid was a very artificial laugh. "How funny! Do you mean to say that you are not going?"

"I certainly am not," he said. "And I understand that you, too..."

"Oh, I have changed my mind," I rushed in. "Of course, I'm going. He—Patrick is most anxious that I should, and so, of course, I shall."

Harry Loughland looked at me with an odd expression in his eyes.

"Patrick has told me you were not going," he said deliberately, and then after the slightest possible pause he added—"I thought he seemed rather relieved, too."

He came and sat down beside me on the couch as he spoke, and before I could guess his intention he had covered my hand with one of his own. I almost screamed; all my nerves seemed strung up to snapping point, but I managed somehow to hold my ground.

"Poor little girl," he said with a half laugh.

"It's no use pretending with me, Lorna," he went on, in his slow, smooth voice. "I know all about it, and it's you I am sorry for. You poor child. If that brother of yours had been half a man he would have kicked Patrick out of the house, knowing him as well as he does."

I tried to speak, but my lips felt as cold as ice.

"I'll try to be good again," he said. "You'll be a miserable woman for the rest of your life."

"It's no use counting on anything in the future except disappointment and disillusionment; you'll have a rough awakening. Patrick hasn't got it in him to care for anyone, especially a woman like you. You're too good—for simple; you'd bore him to death in a week. He doesn't understand what depths of feeling there is behind that grave, little manner of yours. Some men,

he had listened apathetically enough, but suddenly the sluggish blood moved again in my veins. I threw his hand off and rose to my feet. I don't know what happened to me, but I fell all at once as if I had escaped head over heels from the chrysalis that had held me bound ever since Aunt Ann's death; as if some wonderful transformation had given me the power for which I had craved; the power to at least pretend that I could, to laugh in the face of the world and all the people who despised me and were sorry for me, and to hide my aching heart from curious eyes.

"I'm afraid you are wasting your very kind sympathy on me," I said, and I know that my voice rang wonderfully true. "If you are imagining that I care nothing for your brother than that he does for you, you're much mistaken. We understand one another perfectly; he's come to an excellent arrangement. He goes his way,

I go mine, and we both get what we wanted—money.

"It's so very much six of one and half a dozen of the other," I went on, "that it would only be fair for you to spare a little of your sympathy for Patrick, you know."

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, after a distressed pause; "it wasn't quite fair, was it? You might have given me a hint—let me know."

"I thought everybody knew," I said. I felt horribly hurt and, try as I would with my new, hard-won indifference to keep down the pain, somehow I could not.

"I wouldn't have hurt you for the world," he said again, "but I need your pardon most humbly, I dare say I'm wrong, after all, though, and perhaps—jealous!" He laughed roughly. Women always like him, you know," he said, and then stopped short. "Now I've said the wrong thing again," he broke out.

"I assure you it doesn't matter in the least," I protested. "I'm not a bit angry; in fact, I've forgotten what you said already. There, now, do you feel better?"

"You're an angel," he said gratefully.

I liked Mr. Scott. There was something very genuine and unaffected about him. I was glad of his company, too, and kept him beside me all the afternoon.

"This is the 'tableau' of the afternoon," said Mr. Scott in a whisper to me when the lights were lowered after the interval for tea, and the curtains swung slowly apart.

I nodded; my voice seemed suddenly to have disappeared; I was staring at the stage breathlessly.

It was a moonlit scene at a cross-road; in the background an old-fashioned tumbling booth stood with doors open, luggage flung about anyhow, and a masked highwayman holding a blunderbuss at the head of a terrified driver.

I took in every detail without being conscious of doing so before my eyes came back to the two central figures—Molly's and—and-his!

"Make a handsome pair, don't they?" someone close to me said in a whisper, and some else answered:

"Yes, that's Loughland, you know—regular kith-killer. Sorry to say that poor little girl he's going to marry."

"Lorna!—what a surprise! I hope nothing is the matter!"

"Nothing at all!" I said a little breathlessly; my heart had begun to beat traitorously again at the sound of his voice.

"I only want to know if I can have those tickets for the tableau, after all. Mother would like to come with me."

"Certainly. I'll send them round." He hesitated,

then added: "I am afraid I shall not be able to take you myself, as I have to be there early, but of course I shall see you there."

"Of course," I said. "Well, good-bye," and I rang off before he had time to say another word.

I felt oddly excited; my pulses were jumping when mother and I arrived at the Matthews'. I had never been there before, and just for a moment my heart sank as I saw the crowd of people and the many smartly-dressed women and girls.

I was introduced to dozens of people, and everyone seemed very interested in me. There were tall, slim girls with eyeglass who stared at me with a great deal, and presently I saw him ask Mrs. Matthews to introduce him.

"Mr. Scott—Miss Peterson?" And she went away and left us together.

"You seem to know a great many people here," said Mr. Scott.

"As a matter of fact, I didn't know anyone at all when I came to tell him; but mother knows them all, of course," I broke off; I had seen Patrick Loughland in the doorway.

He was looking round, as if in search of someone, and his eyes fell upon me.

I saw a little frown crease his brows, and he turned quickly away. It seemed to me such a direct snub that for a moment I lost myself; I forgot what I was saying, and just sat there staring at the blank eyes at the door through which he had disappeared.

Mr. Scott touched my arm gently.

"Is anything the matter?" I started and laughed.

"I was dreaming—how silly of me. What were you saying?"

"Only that I have seen you out several mornings lately riding on the downs at Hampstead."

"Really?" I looked at him with fresh interest.

"I don't remember having seen you."

"No, you never looked my way; you have always been with Molly Somers and a riding master."

"Do you know Molly Somers, then?" I asked.

"Yes."

"She is in one of the pictures this afternoon."

"I know—Loughland's in the same one. I saw the dress rehearsal last night."

"Was it good?" I asked eagerly.

"I don't like keen on this sort of shows," he said. "Though everyone agreed that Loughland looked Dick Turpin to the life."

There was a subtle note in his voice.

"You don't like Mr. Loughland?" I said quickly.

"No," he admitted. "I can't stand the fellow."

"Why?" I asked, flushing.

"Oh, I don't know; he's never done me any harm, but when you're here—there is no accounting for likes or dislikes!" I felt his eyes upon me. "I hope he is not a particular friend of yours," he added with a touch of anxiety in his voice.

"I don't know about being a particular friend of mine," I replied as lightly as I could. "I happen to be engaged to him, that's all."

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, after a distressed pause; "it wasn't quite fair, was it? You might have given me a hint—let me know."

"I thought everybody knew," I said. I felt horribly hurt and, try as I would with my new, hard-won indifference to keep down the pain, somehow I could not.

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then added: "I am afraid I shall not be able to take you myself, as I have to be there early, but of course I shall see you there."

"Of course," I said. "Well, good-bye," and I rang off before he had time to say another word.

"Would you like to go behind the scenes?" I'll take you."

I should have refused if he had given me time, but he did not; he took my hand and the next moment we were making our way through the crowded room and round to the back of the theatre.

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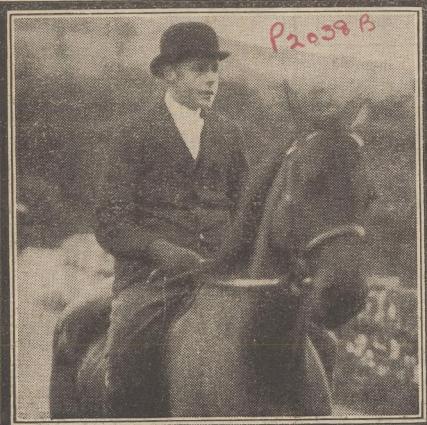
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THE GREAT RAILWAY DISASTER

Daily Mirror

CLAIM TO MARQUISATE.



The young Marquis of Waterford at a recent meet of the Waterford Hunt. The claim to the title is down for hearing on January 29.—(Poole, Waterford.)

NEXT WEEK'S BOXING CONTEST.



Sergeant Dick Smith, ex-light heavy-weight champion of England, training in camp for his match at the Ring next Monday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

PIERROTS WITH THE 1914 STAR.



The "Lessness Lyrics" making up for a performance. Every member of the troupe has been pounded and possesses the 1914 star.



LABOUR CONFERS.—Mr. W. Frank Purdy, who will preside over the meetings at the Labour Party Conference at Nottingham.

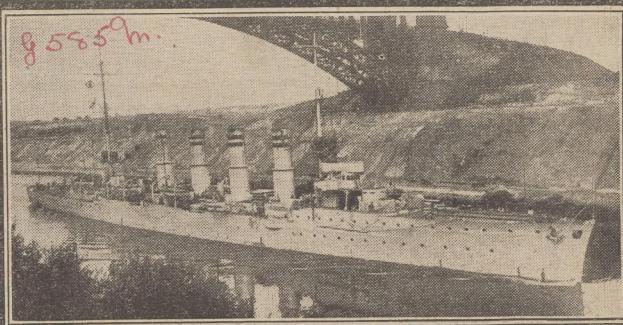


MANY HAPPY RETURNS.—Admiral Sir Henry Jackson, who celebrated his sixty-third birthday yesterday.

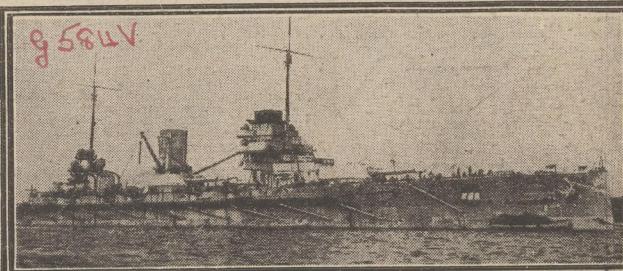


AN A.D.C.—Capt. J. F. C. Gonzoni, the well-known lawn tennis player, gazetted an A.D.C. in the personal staff.

FATE OF TWO NOTORIOUS WARSHIPS.



The light cruiser Breslau. Her Turkish name was Midilli.



The Goeben. Her Turkish name was Sultan Selim.

The notorious German battle cruiser Goeben has been driven ashore and her pale shadow, the Breslau, sunk in a brilliant engagement with the British. Sisters in iniquity, they were always together and have met their fate together.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S NEW REVOLUTIONARY PLAY.



Leave the room, at the double, lightning, electricity.



TRIBUNAL CHAIRMAN.—Mr. Betwsworth-Piggott, C.B.E., chairman of the Russian Tribunal, appointed chairman of the special Italian Tribunal for London.

TOBOGANNING FATALITY.—Miss Essex Selby-Lowndes, who was killed in a tobogganning collision. Her father, Major Selby-Lowndes, Master of Whaddon Chase.



The revolution's saved.

Two photographs of Miss Lillah McCarthy in "The Grand Duchess Anna-Jaksa," Mr. Bernard Shaw's new one-act play at the Coliseum.